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Esmer's Story.

(By Miss C. H. Pratt, Missionary in Mardin, Turkey.)

I live in a stone and mud house, and my father keeps his wheat in the walls of the house.

There is not room for me to play in the house, because there is a great wooden loom in the middle of the room where father weaves: and besides the great skin bags for lentil seed (that is what Esau's pottage was made of, you know), and some other kinds of seeds, there is the big pile of bedding for all of us, and by the fireside baby's cradle and mother's spinning wheel.

In my cousin Besne's house there is more room to play, but her mother calls us bad and says she will cut our ears off, so Besne and I go out in the yard or up on the roof to play. Besne is very quick in playing ball; she throws the ball down on to the roof very hard, to make it bounce high, and then whirls around once before it comes down. I haven't any playthings except a few painted bones.

Besne's yard is larger than ours, too, and we play there Saturdays and Sundays till it is time for the cows and oxen and donkeys to come in. Besne's father has one poor, thin horse, too, and at night all the animals go through the house into a stable in the back part of the house.

We have only a donkey at our house, and at his drinking time I like to ride him down to the large pool where the women wash clothes. The pool dries sometimes, and then when rain comes again we boys (we are almost always barefoot) run back and forth through the fresh water in the pool.

One day, a few years ago, I was out with other boys on the large, flat rocks where father threshes his wheat, and a strange-looking man rode by on horseback. One of the boys called out, 'Engileze,' and another said, 'See the man with the pail on his head.' That night this strange man had a meeting in the house of those new people, the Protestants, and father and I went.

The man read from a book he called 'The Holy Book,' and shut his eyes and prayed, and then talked to us, and did it all in our own language, but he talked to the men and I couldn't understand very well.

I cannot understand the priest in our church at all. His reading sounds like singing, and he reads and prays in a language none of us know; and when my uncle prays he keeps his eyes open.

Father called this man an American, and when we went home some men went with us and while I was getting to sleep they sat around on the floor smoking their long-handled pipes and cigarettes, and talking about what the American had said. My father said, 'I have heard their talk before and I have been learning to read their book, and I believe they bring to us the truth.'

I went to sleep, wondering whether father had been taking some of the medicine that makes people Protestants, and whether wicked men would send oxen to tread down his wheat, if he should join the Protestants. The next day father said to me, 'I am going to send you to the Protestant school to learn reading before I teach you a trade. Here is your primer, and I will go with you this morning.'

When the boys and girls on the roofs saw us going to the Protestant school, they shouted after us, 'Prot, Prot,' and I was afraid they would throw stones as they did at the American, but they did not.

My father told the teacher, Yusof, to teach me to read. Teacher Yusof sent me into the corner with one of the big boys who taught me aleph, ba, ta (a, b, c), and so sometimes from the teacher, and sometimes from one of the boys, I took two lessons every day in my new pink primer. I soon passed ta-thumma-non-ta, toot (ta-thumma-non-ta spells 'toot'), and when I reached rummel-el-bahr (that means 'sand of the sea,' and is in the back part of my primer), then my father bought me a new clean Holy Book, and I began to read at Genesis and am reading it through. I am going to learn some arithmetic and perhaps geography, but my father will not leave me in school long; he want me to learn to dye the red cloth people wear, or to weave cloth from goat's hair.

The American, they call him a missionary, always comes to our house and to the school when he comes to the village, and he wants me to stay in the school longer, and after I learn my trade to study more and learn to be a teacher. I have already taught my mother her letters. She and father and I go to all the Protestant meetings, and I have learned the story of 'Joseph the Comely,' and 'David the Sweet Singer,' and we have a Sunday-school and study the same lessons they are studying in America.

Besne has begun to come to our school; she brings bread and pickles in a kerchief, and does not go home at noon. Besne has some new red shoes, and they look very bright among the old shoes inside the school door. Our new shoes are always red, but they turn black after we have worn them a while. My aunt has a pair of yellow ones; she bought them in Mardin, the large city where the camel caravan comes.

Teacher Miriam is coming and will have a school for girls, and Besne will not go to our school after that.

An American lady came to see about a school for the girls, and she was stranger than the man. She rode on one side of the horse, and had her face covered just as they say the women in the cities do.

A SCHOOL IN TURKEY.

A Chinaman's Gift

(By the Rev. P. W. Pitcher, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Recently an elder in one of our churches called on several members of the Mission, and in due time arrived at my house. The object of the call he proceeded at once to make known:

He said he did not wish any native to know of it, but he desired to present the Mission with a certain sum of money that he had been laying aside year by year for some time, and which he considered to be the Lord's money. And now, since he had heard that the board was in such great need of funds he deemed it wiser to present the gift to the Mission at this time rather than wait until after his decease.

Mr. Tiu Lo must be about fifty-five years old. He is the most exemplary and thorough Christian man I have ever met in China, and as genuine and truly consecrated a Christian man as I have ever met anywhere. He is a rice merchant, but in no sense a 'rice Christian,' so-called. He is a careful, honest and successful business man, and like a good many good business men in Western lands is depositing a good part of his earnings in the bank of Heaven. He has five sons, and his one and only wish for them all is that they may enter the Gospel ministry.

One has already passed through all our institutions of learning and is now teaching, and another son has just finished his course in the Boys' Academy, and at present is in the Theological Seminary, while the third son expects to enter the Academy next year. Two of them we may say, have the ministry in view at the present time, and undoubtedly the others will, so it is altogether likely that the father's wish will be fully realized. God grant it. Mr. Tiu Lo has never asked for a penny to support his boys in any of our educational institutions, but has borne the entire expense himself. He long ago gave these boys to the Lord. He speaks of it very often, and so concerned is he about their entering the ministry that he has implored us, in case he should not live to see the consummation of his desire, to ever keep before them their father's wish, and to use all our influence to induce them to choose this path.

'And,' said he, 'this gift I wish to consider as a consecration offering—as a witness that I have given my sons to the Lord, and for his service in the ministry. I wish you to use it as you think best and for the best interest of the American Reformed Church Mission at Amoy. My only stipulation is that no Chinaman shall know who the donor of the gift is.' In passing I may say that there was no false modesty displayed in this request. The man knew, and we know that his peace lies in keeping the fact from being known by his acquaintances. However, this means something different here from what it may mean at home, which I will not stop to explain.

Well, I presume you are getting impatient to know how much this gift was, and wondering why I did not tell you in the first place. I think you will be quite as surprised as I was to hear the amount. When he began talking about giving some money to the Mission, I thought of course if this man gives $50, or $100 at the most, that would be doing splendidly. But that hardly expresses it. In fact I was not expecting anything like such sums even. What was my surprise and astonishment, when he almost whispered it in my ear (so careful was he lest somebody might hear): 'I have twelve hundred dollars ($1,200) laid aside for this purpose, and this I wish to present to the Mission of the American Reformed Church of Amoy.' I was so taken back that I began to show just a little remonstrance, and said: 'Are you sure you can give all this?' 'Yes! Yes! I am sure.' 'Don't you need it? Have you enough without it?' 'Yes, plenty, enough!'

Convinced that he knew what he was doing, I accepted the gift with many acknowledgments of his kindness and generosity, in behalf of the Mission. So on the following Monday he came over with 900 silver dollars and on Wednesday with 300 more, all in cold cash. That was more money in this form than I ever have in the safe at one time or like to have at one time, and especially such times as these. However, it was not an occasion to stand on precedent or ceremony, so the money was received and deposited without comment.

Twelve hundred dollars! A princely gift when we take into consideration all the circumstances! Seven years ago I wrote an article touching on the liberality of this people of Amoy, and made the assertion that every dollar a Chinaman gave should be accounted equal to every ten a foreigner gave. This assertion was made on the basis of wealth, wages, opportunities and necessities. I have seen no good reason to modify that statement with the advancing years. Hence this is no small gift laid at our feet. Twelve hundred dollars silver, at the present rate of exchange, amounts to something like six hundred gold. Multiply this by ten and we have $6,000.

A Remarkable Vision

The Rev. C. H. Stileman, of the C. M. S. mission at Julfa, Persia, reports a remarkable spirit of inquiry among the Mohammedans there. Scarcely a week passes without some new case of anxiety to know more of the way of life. He narrates some of these cases, and one of them possesses special interest. He says: 'A few weeks ago a well-to-do man came to see me, and told me that he had been seeking the right way for some twenty years, and had gradually become convinced that Mohammedans had not the true knowledge of God. By degrees he has also come to the conclusion that the followers of Christ had really come to know him whom to know is life eternal; and he told me that nothing could satisfy him but this knowledge. In the most earnest manner he besought me to impart to him the knowledge which he believed that I possessed, and adjured me by "the morrow on the Day of Resurrection" that I would keep back nothing from him of what I myself knew to be the truth. He came again and again to hear the Word of God, and seemed to drink in its truths, expressing himself willing to suffer, if necessary, for Christ's sake, and the gospel's and earnestly pleading for baptism. About a fortnight ago he had a remarkable dream, in which Christ appeared to him, and seemed to claim him by laying his right hand on his shoulder to reassure him and remove all his remaining doubts. The one thing that puzzled my friend was that Christ seemed to him very distinctly to have white hair; and he could not understand this, as he believed that our Lord was a young man at the time of His crucifixion, and would not therefore be likely to appear with white hair. He came to our Persian service on April 29, (the second Sunday after Easter), and it so happened that I was preaching upon the words of Rev. i., xvii., 18: 'And he laid his right hand upon me saying, Fear not, I am the First and the Last and the Living One; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of Death and of Hades' (R. V.). The fact that our Lord laid his right hand upon the beloved disciple, saying, "Fear not," finally convinced him that it was indeed none other than Christ who had claimed him in the dream; and you will notice the very remarkable coincidence, that in the description of our Lord, in v. 14, it is written that 'His head and his hair were white as white wool, white as snow.' I have frequently mentioned the fact that in this country God has, as it seems, used dreams as a means of drawing souls unto himself, or of deepening spiritual impressions; and you will hardly wonder that the inquirer I am speaking of took this to be a direct message from God himself. He is now definitely asking for baptism.—'Faithful Witness.'

'Shut Your Eyes, Mamma, It'll Be All Right There.'

There is a family in this city (Detroit) who are dependent at this moment upon a little child for the present sunshine of their lives. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. When the family physician called them together, and in his solemn way intimated to them the truth—there was no hope, then the question arose among them, Who would tell her? Not the aged mother who was to be left childless. Nor the young husband, who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious heart. There was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with unnoticed by them, and asked gravely:

'Is mamma doin' to die?'

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped up-stairs as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.

'Mamma,' he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, 'is you 'fraid to die?'

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

'Who—told—you—Charlie?' she asked, faintly.

'Doctor, 'an papa, 'an gamma—everybody,' he whispered. 'Mamma, dear, doan' be 'fraid to die, 'ill you?'

'No, Charlie,' said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; 'no, mamma won't be afraid.'

'Jus' shut your eyes in e' dark, mamma; teep hold my hand—an' when you open' em, mamma, it 'ill be all light there.'

When the family gathered awestricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

'H-u-s-h! My mamma doan' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!'

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting; for when the young mother woke she had passed beyond, and as baby Charlie said: 'It was all light there.'—E. Payson Hammond.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Aug. 11, Sun.—The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.

Aug. 12, Mon.—The Lord is my light and my salvation.

Aug. 13, Tues.—The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

Aug. 14, Wed.—Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart.

Aug. 15, Thur.—Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Aug. 16, Fri.—The Lord will give strength unto his people.

Aug. 17, Sat.—The Lord will bless his people with peace.

BOYS AND GIRLS

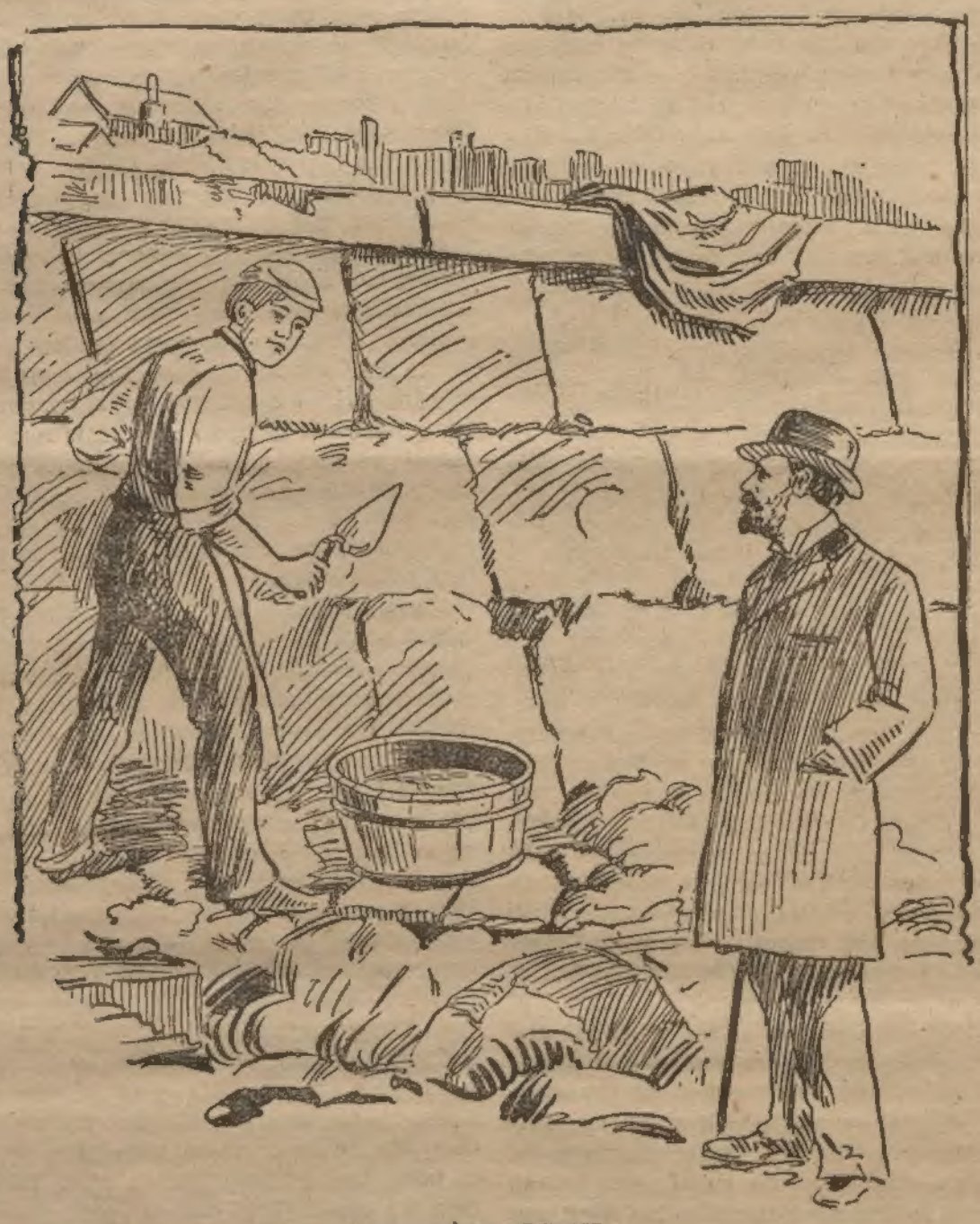
A Fight With Fate.

(W. Bert Foster, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Several years ago a certain town on the New England coast was aroused from its somnolence by exciting news. The railway which passed through the place was to lay a double-track system, had bought a large piece of land (mostly mud-flats) along the bay shore, and announced its intention of erecting repair-shops and car-building sheds on its new property.

The sleepy town awoke to the importance of this news at once. In years past the place had been of no little importance as a sea-port, but as American shipping declined Rivermouth had gradually become fossilized. The decision of the railway company to establish its shops there meant a new lease of life to the town.

The company gave out the contract for the filling in of the mud-flats and the building of a sea-wall at once, and the contractor whose bid was accepted engaged many of his workmen on the spot, instead of importing foreign laborers. This made the man as well as the improvement doubly popular. One reason why Rivermouth people were glad to see the work go on was that in time it would clean out one of the bad quarters of the town. The tenements bordering on the flats were old and disreputable, and scattered among them were several notorious dram-shops. In one of these—Cafferty's—a man had been killed only the year before; and his murderer, once a man respected in the town and of good family, had been sentenced to a long term in the State penitentiary. So the good people of Rivermouth were as glad to see the possibility of having that section of the town effaced as they were to see the unsightly flats themselves filled in.



'I DON'T DRINK.

The contract called for the completion of the filling and the sea-wall within a twelvemonth, and the number of men engaged in the work was large. Yet, if they did not work together and work well, the contractor could scarcely keep his agreement with the railway company.

The workmen were divided into gangs, over each of which was an overseer; but the contractor soon saw that there must be somebody to 'oversee' the overseers, or slackness and inattention would result. At first it was his practice to go about among the different gangs himself; but he soon found that it needed the entire time of one responsible man to do that, and he looked about him for such a person.

One day, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, he went out where the sea-wall was being built, and on reaching the spot found a solitary individual busy on the face of the wall. It was a young fellow still in his teens, with an intelligent, though very, grave face. He had a bucket of cement and a trowel, and was engaged in 'pointing' the wall; that is, neatly filling in the seams and interstices with stone and cement. It was nice work and required a competent workman.

'Where are the rest of the men?' asked the contractor.

'It's eleven o'clock, sir; and they've all gone over to old Cafferty's after their beer.'

'Don't you ever go with them?'

The young man's face flushed deeply, and he turned hastily away. The contractor repeated the question.

'Never, sir!' responded the other, in a low, strained voice.

'Why not?'

'I don't drink,' shortly.

'Is that your only reason?'

'No, it's not!' exclaimed the young man, turning fiercely. 'See there!' He pointed to a dingy brick building, surrounded by a high wall, which stood by itself on a hill half a mile away. 'That's the pest-house. I'd rather go in there, with a small-pox patient in every room, than into Cafferty's.'

'Why?' queried the inquisitive gentleman.

The young fellow looked at him strangely for a moment. 'My name is Allan Blake,' he said.

'Allan Blake—Allan Blake?' repeated the contractor, puzzled. 'What of it?'

'It was my father who killed Jim Brennan, the gambler, in Cafferty's place a year ago,' said the young fellow hoarsely.

'O—ah—I am a stranger here,' said the gentleman in some confusion, and was about to turn away. But something impelled him to go back and ask, 'Isn't there any other reason why you don't go off for your beer with the others, my lad?'

'How do you mean, sir? Isn't that reason enough?'

'I mean, do you keep to work from principle while the others take a recess in their employer's time?'

Young Blake looked, for a few moments, a little puzzled. He did not at first catch the contractor's meaning. But gradually his face cleared.

'Ah, I see. You mean to ask me if I do this because I think it is right?'

The gentleman nodded, whereupon the other went on: 'Why, no, sir; I can't say it's exactly that. I'd do right anyhow, simply because it is right; but I keep to work because I want, one of these days, to be somebody, to succeed in business, to do something better than working on a level with a gang of navvies. I've my poor father's record against me. It's a hard row to hoe, I've found. I've lost two positions this year just because I was my father's son. But I'm bound to fight fate till I win!' and Blake brought his clenched fist down into his hand with emphasis.

'Yes, yes,' nodded the contractor, smiling 'I think we now understand one another. Do you know who I am?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, I think I once hired the man who hired you. However, you know where the contractor's office—the paymaster's office, is, don't you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then, my lad, do you call there this evening half an hour after you quit work here.'

At the appointed time Allan Blake presented himself at the contractor's office. That was the last day as a 'navvy' on the sea-wall. In less than a year he not only was the contractor's right-hand man, but he owned stock in the enterprise, and in ten years, although still a young man, was one of the leading citizens of New England's metropolis.

The Sergeant's Story

('Alliance News.')

The following story was told by Sergeant Dando at a meeting of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, in the village of Longton, in Westshire.

The Sergeant had lived in the village for many years; in fact, ever since he retired from the service with a number of medals and clasps and a well-earned pension. For a long time he had increased his income by

giving lessons in drill to the families of the gentry, and in several schools in the neighborhood. But he was an old man now, and could not do much in that way. He, however, liked to be useful, and gave lessons in drill to the young men of the society, and helped them in various ways. And some time before he had promised to tell them a story connected with his military life. The evening was come for the Sergeant to redeem his promise, and he thus began:—

I took the Queen's shilling and became a private in the 25th in 1854. I served in garrison duty till 1856, when my regiment was ordered to India. About this time several young men joined us, and among them there was a smart good-looking fellow whose name was Robert Owen. He had the appearance of having moved in a higher rank of life than most of us, and his education was superior. But he never presumed on it. His manner was civil and obliging, and he was prompt in all his military duties, which seemed to come quite natural to him. So that during the month he was with us before we sailed for India, he had become proficient in all the routine of a soldier's life. No doubt he would have been made a corporal if he had shown any desire for promotion, but he did not seem to wish it.

When off duty Owen improved his acquaintance with his comrades by doing anything he could for them. We noticed that he never drank intoxicating drinks, but whenever he found a man the worse for liquor, he took him to his quarters, and cared for him, with the result that we seldom had a case of drunkenness brought before the officers of our company. When the poor fellows were recovered from the effects of their excess, Owen talked to them kindly and seriously, urging them to sign the pledge of total abstinence in a book he carried with him, and when he had succeeded in getting them to do so, he enlisted the sympathies of the more sober men to encourage them by signing too, and looking after their weaker companions. He was very kind to me once when I had been overcome by the drink and made a disturbance, which, had it been seen by any of the officers, would have subjected me to arrest and confinement. Owen took care of me, and when he found me sober and repentant in the morning, he talked to me seriously of the danger of my doing something, when under the influence of drink, which might disgrace me for life. He said that he knew a young gentleman, of good family, whose father had purchased a commission for him, and given him all the advantages that wealth and social position could afford. This young man became a lieutenant in due time, and there was every prospect of his becoming a good and successful officer. He was not in the habit of drinking to excess, but one day he indulged in too much wine, and under its influence committed an offence for which he was dismissed from the service by court-martial. He had no recollection of what he was said to have done, but he felt that he had disgraced the name of his family so much that he took another name and entered the army as a private soldier, determined never to see or write to his family until he had in some measure retrieved his character. At the same time he gave up the use of the drink.

Owen did not tell me the name of the person, but I felt while he was telling me the story that it was his own, and later on this was confirmed. His kindness so won my heart that I resolved never again to permit the dangerous stuff to pass my lips. Forty years have gone since then, and I thank the Lord that he has given me strength to keep my resolution. I would have cheerfully laid down my life for Owen, so much did I admire and love him.

But Owen's efforts were not restricted to making the men sober. He encouraged them to improve their minds by reading, and where the poor fellows could not read or write, he persuaded them to learn to do so. Here again he utilized the services of the more fortunate to assist their comrades in their efforts to improve. He was continually trying to make the men good soldiers, and the soldiers good men.

Owen's conduct and its results did not escape the notice of the officers, and Captain Barnes, of our company, offered to recommend him for promotion, but he begged him not to do so, fearing that it would interfere with his work and influence with the men. The Captain appreciated his usefulness so much that he agreed to respect his wishes, and remained so friendly to him that he was always ready to assist him in any way he could.

The voyage to India passed pleasantly and profitably, and when we arrived at Calcutta we presented a better bill of health than is usual in such cases, and the men were better prepared for the change of climate.

The great change which has taken place in the habits of our soldiers in India in these days did not exist then, so that the sober and orderly conduct of our regiment was noticed and commented on by the officials both military and civil, though owing to his quiet and unobtrusive manner the chief agent was not always recognized. Still, he became a person of note among the officers and men of other regiments, as well as our own, and was greatly respected by them.

In 1857 that great convulsion which threatened the very existence of the English dominion in India began to show symptoms of development, and great activity was seen in military circles, but no one could have imagined the terrible times so soon to follow. Our regiment had its share in this activity, and we were moved from place to place as the troubles increased. At last we found ourselves in the thick of it, and took our part in several skirmishes with the mutineers. Then came the battle of Cawnpore, when, with two other regiments, numbering 2,500 men altogether, under the command of General Courtenay, we had to fight a force of rebels six times our number. On that occasion Captain Barnes, of our party, was ordered to dislodge a party of the enemy, who, with a big gun placed in an advantageous position, were doing much mischief to our troops. He immediately started to execute the order, but when we came near, the gun vomited a charge of miscellaneous articles, scraps of iron, and other metals, as well as shot, which killed the Captain and every officer of the company, as well as nearly half the men. Private Owen, seeing the plight we were in, caught up the Captain's sword, and sprang forward, calling upon the men to follow and execute the order. We had a terrible run to support our leader, who reached the gun and struck down the native officer, who was trying to compel one of the gunners to fire again. This man cried out, 'All right, Owen, help me to point the gun in the opposite direction.' Owen was surprised to find that the gunner was an Englishman and well known to him, but seeing the advantage of his suggestion he helped him to do so. We were with them before they were ready to fire, and helped them. By this time the rebels were within a few yards of us, and we let fly. The execution was enormous, they simply fell in an immense heap. We picked off the survivors while the gun was being loaded again, and pointed against another party of rebels who were running towards us, with a similar effect. Thus we continued firing, causing such a diversion that General Courtenay was enabled to carry out his intention, and completely routed the enemy.

After it was over we found that the gunner was chained by the leg to the gun, so that he should not run away, and had been forced by pricks of the bayonet to point and fire the gun against his own countrymen. We soon released him.

Private Owen, as acting captain, reported himself to Col. Allen, who congratulated him on his gallant conduct, and the next day presented him to General Courtenay. The General told Owen that his conduct had contributed materially to our success the day before, and that he had great pleasure in appointing him captain of the company he had led so bravely. This announcement was received with cheers by the officers, who congratulated Owen on his promotion. The appointment was very popular with the soldiers, especially his own company, each of whom felt as if he had received a personal honor. I was made sergeant, and all the other non-commissioned officers were appointed from the company. Several others were transferred to fill up vacancies in the other companies where the non-commissioned officers had fallen.

At a private interview with the General, Owen told him that his was an assumed name, his real name being Olcutts. 'What,' said the General, 'are you the son of my old friend, Col. Olcutts? I heard of your escapade, and heartily congratulate you on having so nobly retrieved your character. You will resume your own name now, of course. Whatever may have shadowed your past, your recent conduct has more than dispersed it. I think you ought to write to your father at once, to cheer him and your family, so that, as they mourned for you in the past, they may rejoice and be proud of you now. I will write a few lines to congratulate your father on having so brave and noble a son.'

Captain Olcutts did not find that being raised from the ranks was any obstacle to his success as an officer He was loved and respected all the more for it, and the other officers were proud to have so brave and capable a man for their companion and friend. They noticed that he did not take wine, etc., but as he did not preach to them and persuade them to follow his example they did not interfere with him. They were, however, more moderate in their libations, and after a time the silent influence of his example had an effect on their customs, and some of them gave up the daily use of intoxicating drinks.

Nearly all the old soldiers of his company were pledged, and as other men were added to increase the effective force of the company, some of them were also induced to take the pledge. But a few refused. One day one of them, named Jones, who had been found intoxicated several times, was expostulated with by the other men, and being obdurate, they said that if they found him drunk again they would duck him in the pond. He resented this conduct very much, and there was a little disturbance. When Captain Olcutt heard of it he ordered Jones to appear before him at three o'clock the next day.

We never knew what took place at the interview between the Captain and Jones, who looked very grave when it was over. But we noticed a great change in his conduct from that day. He was very steady and attentive to his duties, never indulged in intoxicants, and soon became an orderly, reliable soldier.

Captain Olcutts served in the same regiment all through the stirring time of the Mutiny. He took part in many severe engagements, in which he displayed all the virtues of a good soldier. He was well supported by his men, and generally succeeded in all he undertook.

After the Mutiny was subdued he came to England on furlough to see his father and family. He was Major then. His stay in England was a very short one, for though a young man he was so strongly recommended by gentlemen of influence in India, both military and civil, as an officer likely to do good service in the pacification of the country, that he was made administrator of a large province, with the rank of Colonel.

Col. Olcutts was quite as successful with the natives as he had been with his soldiers. They trusted him entirely, and from being disaffected they became loyal and true both to their chief and the British Government.

After five years Col. Oldcutt came to England again, when he was raised to the rank of General, and knighted. He had a longer stay this time, for his province was in a state of peace and contentment, and when he returned to India he was accompanied by a daughter of his old friend, General Courtenay, as his wife. She was a good wife and mother, and he was a good husband and father, and they both devoted themselves to their several duties, at the same time trying to benefit everyone who came within the sphere of their influence.

A Life not Lived in Vain

(By Miss Grier, in 'The Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.

'I say, Effie, you hair is just like a lot of curling sunbeams, and your eyes like two straight ones.'

The girl broke into a peal of merry laughter. 'What a fearful little flatterer you are, Frank,' she said; 'and oh! Frank, curly sunbeams! Whoever heard of such things?'

Frank laughed, too, but his face suddenly became grave again. 'Effie,' he said earnestly, 'you know I'm going off to school to-morrow, and mother will be left alone when Reggie goes back to college: you will go and cheer her up, won't you?'

'Of course I will, Frank dear, for I know she will miss you and Reggie terribly; and, Frank, I have got something to tell you. You know Reggie is talking of taking a practice here; at least, of going into partnership with old Dr. Reynolds when he has taken his medical degree and left the University. Well, I have promised that I will marry him then.' And having given this piece of information rather more abruptly than she had meant to, she covered her face with both her hands to hide her blushes.

'Promised to marry Reggie,' cried Frank, springing to his feet. 'Oh! I am so awfully glad, hoorah,' he shouted, dancing round her in huge delight, 'then of course you will be mother's daughter and my sister; how lovely it will all be. But I must be off now; I promised mother I wouldn't stop long because it is my last night. Good-bye, Effie, I am so very, very glad about you and Reggie.'

After a few good-byes the merry, handsome lad of fourteen went off, leaving Effie Vandeleur looking after him with kindly beaming eyes, and a loving heart, the attention of which was soon claimed by a new comer, Reginald Cramer, who quickly absorbed all her attention.

The next day Frank left his home for the first time to begin life at a public school, and his widowed mother was left alone with a very sorrowful heart; for he was her pet and her darling, this chivalrous, spirited boy, for he had been her constant companion ever since his father's death five years before, while her elder son, Reginald, had been at school, and she knew she would miss him more than she would own, far more.

CHAPTER II.

Two years have passed since Frank first went to school, and now he is at home for his long summer holidays. Time and public school life have altered him very little; he is still his mother's pride and joy, and he is rising fast in the school. Reginald has also come home. He has finished his last term at the University, and is now about to enter into partnership with Dr. Reynolds. It is a lovely summer's evening, and Mrs. Cramer has been wandering round her beautiful little garden which overlooks the river Asher, from which the small town she lives in takes its name. Her son's arm was round her waist, and at last he had drawn her gently into the house, saying, as he closed the long French window which opened out on the trim little lawn, 'It is getting too chilly for you to be out any longer, mother; besides you are looking tired, hadn't you better go to bed?'

'Yes, dear,' she answered, 'I think I had better go. Reginald has not come in yet, but I suppose you will stay up for him? We must not expect young lovers to keep very early hours!'

'All right, mother; I will stay up for him. I have some reading I want to do.' But after he had said good-night to his mother, and the door had closed behind her, a troubled look came into his face, and he muttered to himself: 'I can't make out about Reggie, I wish he wouldn't be so dreadfully late. I don't believe it's all love-making, for the Vandeleurs don't keep such late hours as all that. Mother says she has often to go to bed before he came in while I have been away, and last time I was supposed to sit up for him he was so late that I went to bed before he came, and he didn't seem to half like it when I said something about it to him next day. He is with that young fellow, Pryce, a great deal more than I like. I can't think how Reggie can stand such a fellow! Of course, I daren't say anything to mother; she would worry herself so dreadfully.' So saying, he got his books and began to work. The night is beautifully still and calm, there is a soft murmur amongst the trees, a gentle rippling in the river. The night draws on, and yet Reginald does not come. Frank is apparently absorbed in his books, but as it becomes later he casts an uneasy glance at the clock now and then, and sometimes he goes to the door to listen for his brother's footsteps. At last he closes his books altogether and seizes his hat; he can wait no longer; he must go and find Reginald, and then when his hand is on the door handle he pauses, for he hears the unsteady steps of some man upon the road close by. 'I had better just wait till that fellow has gone past,' he says to himself, but the steps pause at the little gate, and almost before Frank knows what has happened a man has thrown himself against the half-open door, and lurched heavily into the little hall. 'What are you doing? What do you mean by this?' shouts Frank, seizing him by the shoulder. The man turns round, and Frank finds himself face to face with his brother Reginald. The two men gaze at one another, both half stupefied—one with horror, and the other with drink, and it is some time before Frank can pull himself together enough to help his brother upstairs and into bed as quietly as possible for fear of disturbing his mother. Then he steals downstairs and bars the door, and when all is safe he goes to his own room, and flings himself down by a large chair, in which he buries his head. 'Too much, oh God! too much, oh have pity on my mother,' he moans, and there let us leave him kneeling before his God far on into the next morning, praying with a passionate entreaty that his mother might somehow be spared from this terrible blow. He knew only too well that his father had drunk himself to death, and that was the reason that no alcohol of any kind had ever been allowed within their home. In all his uneasiness about his brother he had never thought of this most terrible of all causes for it, because he had thought that, like himself, Reginald had never tasted any alcohol at all. Now, when he began to think of it, there were many things by which he might have guessed it, now that, as he said bitterly to himself, it was too late. And Effie? As he thought of her he sprang up and paced up and down the room with clenched hands, and as he did so a feeling of great anger sprang up in his heart towards his brother, which did not pass away until he went down on his knees again, when it was gradually replaced by feelings of the deepest pity and sorrow.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning Reginald came down to breakfast with a heavy, sullen face. Mrs. Cramer could not imagine what was amiss with her two sons, for she could not help noticing that all was not well with Frank, in spite of his forced efforts at cheerfulness. When Reginald left the room Frank followed him, saying, 'I must speak to you for a moment.' Reginald shrugged his shoulders and led the way into the room which had been given up to them for a long time as their study.

'Well, what do you want?' said Reginald, turning round on his brother; 'make haste, for I want to go out.' 'You know very well what I want,' said Frank, with a new look of determination on his face, though his voice was shaking; 'I want to know how long you have been going on in this way; I want to know whether you mean to break our mother's heart; I want—' 'Stop,' shouted Reggie, a very evil, passionate look coming into his face as he made a quick step towards his brother. Then he stopped suddenly, and said, as he flung himself into an easy chair, with a sneering laugh, 'Pray don't get theatrical, my dear little fellow, you haven't been brought up for it, and it doesn't suit you at all. When I want you for my "father confessor" I'll be sure and let you have a postcard.' 'Reggie,' cried Frank, his cheeks growing red and his eyes flashing. 'Yes, Frankie,' said his brother, mockingly. 'What about Effie?' Frank asked, looking straight into Reginald's face. 'That is none of your business,' he answered sulkily, but Frank could see that at the mention of Effie's name he had winced as he had done at nothing else, and Frank knew that here at least he had touched a tender point, and he immediately took advantage of it.

'Do you think it would be right for you to marry Effie when you have such a terrible habit, and she knows nothing about it?'

'Let me tell you again that it is none of your business,' said Reginald doggedly.

'But it is my business, and I mean to make it my business,' Frank answered firmly. 'Listen to me. If you don't give this up, and if you don't promise me never to

touch that stuff again, I promise you that I will tell Effie ; it would not be fair for her to marry you not knowing that she was marrying a—a—drunkard (with a great gulp at the horrible word) and I don't mean to allow it.'

Reginald looked at the boy as he stood in front of him, and slowly there came to him an overwhelming sense of shame. He, the elder brother, to be there before this lad as a culprit. Until last night Frank had looked up to him as the ideal of all that a young man should be ; he had been a hero in his eyes ; but now, it was all gone, all the boyish awe and respect, and he knew that in his brother's heart there could be nothing but reproach. He groaned heavily; then he said, 'You are quite right, old chap, you might leave me alone for a little while, won't you ?'

'Of course, I will,' said Frank, gently, touched by his brother's evident distress ; 'and I won't ask you to make any promises to me, for I am sure you will make them to God instead, when you have thought it over a little.' He got no answer but a deep sigh, and he left the room, only casting one wistful glance at his brother's sunken figure, as he softly closed the door.

CHAPTER IV.

For about a month after the scene we have recorded in our last chapter, all went smoothly in the Cramer household. Reginald was graver than he used to be, but Frank thought that was rather a good sign than otherwise, especially when he noticed what a very extra devoted lover Reginald had become.

One very hot, sultry summer morning Frank burst into his mother's drawing-room. 'Where is Reggie ?' he asked, 'Effie and I have been planning a picnic, for it's such a glorious day, and we want you to come, mother, and we'll have a fine time !'

'I'm afraid Reggie has gone off on another picnic,' said Mrs. Cramer, 'with Mr. Pryce, who has been getting up one. He came here this morning while you were out, and persuaded Reggie to go with him. I am very sorry, for I am afraid Effie will be disappointed.'

A very blank look came over Frank's bright face. 'Has he started already, and do you know where they have gone ?' he inquired.

'Yes, Mr. Pryce said he wanted to start at once. I think he said they were going up the river, and that they wanted to have luncheon at Asher Castle.'

Asher Castle was a fine old ruin, about five miles off, and Frank thought of following his brother there, but when he considered how angry Reginald would be if he found Frank following him about, he made up his mind that even if he did go and find his brother he should probably do more harm than good, so he only said, 'Oh, well, mother, it can't be helped ; I suppose I had better go and tell Effie,' and left the house with a much sadder face than when he entered it. He knew that any picnic which Mr. Pryce had got up was sure to be very rowdy, and he was sadly afraid that it would be far worse than that.

Effie was very much disappointed that her picnic should be spoilt, and they agreed that it should be put off till the next day, when they would go, if all was well. 'Yes, if all is well,' repeated Frank with a dismal face, so dismal, indeed, that Effie laughed and rallied him on his gloomy forebodings. 'For,' she said, 'the weather does not seem likely to change, and what else could be wrong ?' Frank did not answer, but went home again with a heart like lead.

As the day wore on he became terribly anxious, and when his mother said gently that she thought it was almost time that Reginald came home, he jumped up and said he would walk on the path that runs along by the river to meet the picnic party. It was a long time before he met it, but at last he heard the sound of oars plied very unsteadily as it seemed to him, and voices shouting some jovial song which their owners seemed to have little more control over than they had over their oars. Frank shuddered. He fancied he could hear his brother's voice among them. A moment later the boat came in sight—yes, Reginald was there, shouting among the loudest. As they drew near Frank stopped and looked on in horror. His brother saw him and jumped up in the boat, which was heavily laden with men who had but little sense left in them. 'Here, you young rascal,' he cried ; then he lost his balance and fell into the river. Frank was a good swimmer ; he saw that the men in the boat had not enough wit left to rescue his brother, and he immediately plunged into the water. As he got up to the boat the men in it leant over to help him, and in doing so overturned the boat. The shock recalled their senses, and most of them scrambled unto the land easily enough, some of them dragging Reginald with them. But Frank ? When the boat had turned over an oar had caught him on the head and stunned him, and he sank. When the others had reached the bank they turned and saw his white face rise to the surface of the water. The most sober of them jumped in and dragged him out again. They laid him on the green bank, and knelt down by him, rubbing his hands and his back, and calling to the others to help him, but all their united efforts could not bring any glimmer of light into that still white face, and at last they gave it up in despair, and raised him gently up and carried him home to his mother, who stood looking at him in mute anguish after he had been laid on the bed in his little room.

'Surely God's crowning gift of sorrow comes,
The when he bids us stand beside the bed
Of those we love, and watch their sufferings
Each pang they bear pierces with two-fold
power
Straight to our heart ; their pleading eyes
meet ours
With a strange pathos newly-born of pain,
Seeming to ask for help : and we who would
So gladly die for them can but gaze back
Heartsick and helpless. And so God teaches
The bitter lesson we have all to learn,
The awful helplessness of human love.
Oh ! happy they, who learning this, learn,
too,
The wond'rous power and help of love Divine.'

He was not dead they told her, but she did not move or seem to hear them. Presently he opened his eyes and looked at her with an expression of tenderest love and pity in them. The doctor came and shook his head when he had examined the patient. 'No hope;' that was all he had to say, and so they left her standing by the bedside. Presently he murmured feebly, 'I must speak to Reggie, and alone,' and at once his mother left the room and sent his brother to him. Reginald came in with his head bent down, and the hand he laid on his brother's was shaking. 'Never again, old chap, never again,' was all Frank could gasp out. 'No, never, Frank, I promise you,' said Reginald solemnly, and Frank closed his eyes with a happy smile as his brother knelt down by the bedside. Frank opened his eyes again after a little while. 'Let them in,' he whispered, 'Mother and Effie.' He had heard their voices, and Reginald beckoned them in. They bent over him anxiously, hot tears falling from Effie's eyes. He smiled at her faintly, and with the little strength he had left joined her and Reginald's hands. 'Take care of mother,' and, after a little pause, 'I am so tired,' and closing his eyes again he fell asleep. Who is there that does not know that sleep ? Who does not know the solemn smile of a pure soul lying in that deep slumber ? To anyone who has seen it the agony of the loss of their beloved has in some measure passed away, for even as the sun shines out in its splendor in a sky which has been covered before with dark clouds, so here does the glory of the eternal God shine out after all the pain that has gone before till one exclaims, with the aged Simeon, 'Mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

There remains little to be said. Reginald waited for two years before he got married, for he wanted to be sure of himself first. Mrs. Cramer lived for some years with her son and daughter. A quiet, peaceful life ; even a happy one. But it was with joy that at last she passed away, and went to meet her youngest and her best beloved son. Effie knows her husband's story. She has shed many sorrowful tears over the green grass that covers their brother. She had helped her husband again and again to withstand the terrible temptation which has sometimes almost mastered him, and together they have united to help others against the same temptation, and they have their reward.

Lucy's Engagement.

'Is it all over between us, Lucy ?' asked George Adams, as he stood at the gate, watching Lucy Dawson's downcast eyes and quivering lips.

'Yes, quite, quite over,' whispered Lucy. 'I can never marry anyone, till—till father's debts are paid. He meant to pay them before he died last midsummer, but he wasn't able, his health broke down, and —and he couldn't do it. Everything was against him, poor, poor father !'

'Yes, yes, I know; but you have nothing to do with that.'

'I have ! It's no use talking, George,' cried Lucy, dashing the tears from her eyes; 'you shan't marry a bankrupt's daughter. I'll work my fingers to the bone till I can clear off every one of father's debts.'

'You, Lucy ! You can't do it, I tell you, you can't.'

'I mean to try. I'll go on with the dressmaking, and, George, you must not wait for me ; you mustn't come to see me. It is better for both of us never to meet again,' and Lucy's voice broke down.

'Won't you let me help you, Lucy ?'

'No, indeed, I won't ! Folks shall never say I took your money to pay what father owed !'

'Oh, Lucy, do listen !'

'No, I won't listen. My mind is made up. Good-bye, George, dear, dear George, good-bye !'

Lucy turned away and went through the little gate to her aunt's cottage, while George Adams stood looking after her. He had brought her a bunch of roses, and she still clasped them in her hand. She did not seem to know what she was doing, her heart was dead within her, for she loved George most sincerely, and it was a terrible wrench to part with him. They had been engaged for upwards of two years.

Her father had a small farm, but he had got into difficulties by standing security for a friend, and eighteen months before his death, he was called upon for a large sum

of money. His farm and stock had to be sold, and he and Lucy went to live in the village of Radholm, with his sister. Lucy took in dressmaking, but, as yet, was only able to earn very little.

And then her father had a long illness, and every penny that had been saved from the wreck was swallowed up. At his death, the debts from all sources amounted to a hundred pounds.

'We can never pay it,' said old Miss Dawson, 'it's no use to try. Your father ought never to have listened to that man; and how can you marry George Adams, with this disgrace hanging over you?'

'I don't mean to marry him,' said Lucy. 'I mean to give him up.'

And now she had given him up.

As she went up to her little attic room her eyes rested on an illuminated text which had been put up on the wall some time ago, just after she and her father left the farm. She looked at it now more attentively than she had never done.

'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' Yes! this was a message from God to her.

'Call upon me in the day of trouble.' Surely this was a day of terrible trouble to her. When she was alone she poured out her heart to God, and asked him for Christ's sake, to show her the right thing to do. She had wished to have a right judgment in all things. She had done what seemed to her the right thing to do, but how hard it was!

Much as she loved George she could not bring upon him a weight of debts. His parents were not well off, and they looked to him for help, and therefore he ought to be free. Lucy must take up her own burden, and bear it as well as she could. God would help her to bear it, and she prayed for faith to trust him more than she had ever done in her life.

On a board outside the door she put up a notice—'Dressmaking done here. Alterations and repairs. Very moderate charges. Enquire within.'

One day she sat at her little window looking out on the blue hills and the waving woods. No orders had come in—she had heard no news of George—no letter had come in, except a bill from an impatient creditor of her father's, threatening to put in the sheriff's officers unless payment was made within six months. Just then a tap came at the door, and a little girl stood outside with a skirt done up in a bundle in her arms.

'Oh, if you please, Miss Dawson, could you new line the hem of sister's gown? It's all gone to pieces, and the braid is ripped off, and she wants to wear it this afternoon. She can't give more than one and sixpence.'

'Oh, I'll do it for that, and welcome.'

Luck took the skirt and worked away at it; she put fresh lining and braid, and it soon looked as well as ever. The girl was quite satisfied with it, and paid the one and sixpence. It so happened that Lucy's aunt lived in the neighborhood of a large factory town. The girls were employed all day at the mills, and had no time to mend their own clothes, so they began to bring them in to Lucy, and she did them up quickly and well.

It was humble work, which few dressmakers would undertake—only 'alterations and repairs'; but Lucy did not despise the day of small things. She kept a box by her, and every shilling she could spare was put into it. At the end of the year she had made ten pounds, and one of her father's debts was paid.

She wept tears of joy over the receipted bill. Her aunt happened to come in just then. 'Well, you've done better than I expected, Lucy; but what about George Adams? I hear he is going to be married to a very pretty girl, his master's daughter. I guessed how it would be.'

'Is he?' said Lucy. 'Well, I've nothing to do with that. I told him not to wait for me.'

And yet her heart had sunk within her. Would God let her have this trial? She worked away bravely — and no news of George came. His marriage had not taken place, or she would have heard it.

She had so much to do now that she was obliged to get a girl to help her. Then, when her aunt died, she moved into a large house, and more orders came in—one, two, three, four, five years passed by— and now the last ten pounds of her father's debts had been paid at midsummer.

She was standing at the cottage door one summer's evening, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a voice said, 'Lucy!'

'Why, George, it is never you!'

Her face colored all over. Perhaps he had come to tell her he was married.

'Yes, Lucy, it is me. Are you too rich and grand for me now?'

'Oh, George, you know I'm not. But I've paid all father's debts, every one. God helped me. He has brought me through it. I could never have done it if I hadn't trusted him.'

'And I—oh, Lucy, I've often wandered away. I was angry with you, but I know now you were right. I have been kept by the grace of God, and now I've come back for you. Dear Lucy, you're the only woman in the world for me.'

Three weeks afterwards the bells of Radholm church rang out for the wedding of George Adams and Lucy Dawson. These five years of trial and separation had made them better fitted for each other. They know now that patience must have her perfest work.—C. J. Hamilton, in the 'Presbyterian Witness.'

Temper.

All boys and girls know what temper means. Sometimes it is quick, as sharp as it is short-lived. I was out one day on the mountains. A brilliant sun shone in a cloudless sky. All at once clouds began to gather. The sun was hidden, and in ten minutes the lightning flashed and the thunder roared. The storm passed as quickly as it came, and the day was as beautiful as before. So sometimes is it with temper.

Other boys have a sullen temper. They are like the day when the sun never shines and the sky is darkened with angry clouds. So the sullen boy has always a cloud upon his face. He sulks.

Now, boys and girls, we must be on our guard against temper. We are all liable to it, and we shall, every day we live, meet with provocation. When a boy hits you in the playground you will be tempted in the moment of anger to hit him back. When we do not get what we want we shall be inclined to give way to temper.

Sir Walter Raleigh once was cruelly insulted by a much younger man, who challenged him to a duel and spat upon him in the public street. To a gallant knight like Raleigh that was tremendous provocation; but instead of allowing his temper to force him to revenge, he took out his handkerchief and calmly said:—'Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life.' Raleigh conquered his temper instead of yielding to it, and his assailant was so impressed that he fell on his knees and implored Sir Walter's forgiveness.

We may learn the same lesson from an incident in the life of Sir Isaac Newton. For many years the great man had been studying a special subject. The papers were nearly completed and lay on the study table. He left the room for a few minutes, and on returning found that his little dog Diamond had overturned a lighted candle and the papers were destroyed. It was a great loss, for Sir Isaac was an old man and could not write the book over again. His first impulse was to be angry and thrash the dog. But instead of that he said: 'Oh, Diamond, Diamond! you little know what mischief you have done.'

When we are provoked it is a good thing to think before we speak. The next time you are very angry and feel inclined to say something which afterwards you will regret, just pause and slowly county twenty. By that time the impulse will have passed away and you will have controlled your temper.

Temper can be controlled. There once lived a boy who grew up to be a famous preacher—Robert Hall. As a lad he had a violent temper. His passion often mastered him. One day he was so troubled that he went into a quiet place to pray, and he said: 'O Lord, calm my mind.' His prayer was answered. He gained the victory over his temper, and in after days was known as a man of most kindly and gentle disposition.

There lies the secret of self-mastery. We cannot conquer temper ourselves; but with the help of Jesus we can.

'He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.'—Rev. E. Clowes Chorley, in 'Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.'

His Start in Life

The following incident in the career of a successful bank president of New York was related some years ago, says an exchange, by Mr. Lanphier, founder of the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting:

A minister dying, left his two children, a boy and a girl, and a widow with only a small pittance to live upon. The mother was often in great fear lest her children should suffer for food. When her son reached the age of ten years he resolved to seek work in some great centre of trade, and started for New York, where a distant relative offered him a home until he could find employment. But, alas! it proved to be no easy task to find a position in a respectable business. Doors stood open where bad men congregated, and the boy had many chances to work in bar-rooms, and wait and tend where liquor was sold. But the banks were full; the insurance companies did not need any one, and to the oft-repeated question, 'Do you want a boy?' the dry-goods men shook their heads and said, 'No, we have all the help we need.'

Nevertheless the lad persevered. One day he applied to a well-known business man. He found the merchant reading the morning paper, and said to him, 'Do you want a boy, sir?'

The gentleman studied him a moment, and then asked, 'What can you do?'

'I will do anything that will give me an honest living.'

'Well, take these boots downstairs and black them.'

The boy was at home blacking boots; and he had been trained to it. His father used to say that blacking ministers' boots was washing disciples' feet. In a few minutes he returned with the boots so handsomely polished that the merchant said, 'Why, my lad, you have done those very well indeed.'

'Yes, sir,' murmured the boy modestly, 'mother told me always to do well whatever I did.'

'Come here to-morrow morning and I will give you a trial.'

The boy became a success, stood high as a merchant, and eventually became a bank president.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Blotted Page.

(By Anna Spottswood Young.)

'Elsie, come here a minute,' called the little girl's father one day from his study, where he was busy at work. Elsie, who was playing school with her four dolls, caught up Doll Melinda, her oldest and favorite, in her arms, and ran into the room.

'What is it, papa?' she asked. Her father was turning over the leaves of the big dictionary. He lifted the book off the stand where

ELSIE TEACHING HER DOLLS.

it was resting and put it down on the desk where the little girl could see it.

'Oh!' said Elsie, suddenly remembering something, and standing quite still in the middle of the room.

'Come over here, I want to ask you a question,' said papa, holding out his hand. Elsie walked slowly over to the desk. Her father put his arm around her and then pointed to two big blots on the white pages of the Dictionary.

'Do you know anything about these blots?' he asked.

'Why, who made that other blot?' exclaimed the little girl in surprise.

'Tell me all you know about one of them, then perhaps I can tell you about the other,' suggested papa. The little girl looked almost ready to cry.

'Well,' she said, 'it was just this way, papa. The other day Melinda and I came in here. You were down town and I climbed up to your desk and thought I'd write a letter to you to surprise you when you came home. I wanted to look up words in the dictionary like big folks do, and just as I opened the book Melinda almost fell out of my arms, and that scared me and I jumped and the ink fell off the pen onto the book, and—' Elsie hesitated.

'And then,' finished papa, 'you were still more scared, and you shut the book and ran away.'

'Why, how did you know?'

Elsie looked so surprised that papa was forced to laugh a little.

'See here,' he said, pointing to the second blot.

'But there was only one blot papa; really, I only dropped one little spot of ink on the book,' protested Elsie.

'I know,' said papa, 'but when you closed the book the first blot made another one on the opposite page. Do you see now?'

'Yes,' said Elsie slowly.

'Now, if you had told some one about it before the ink soaked into the page, see what could have been done. Here papa shook a big drop of ink off his pen onto a sheet of blank paper; then he took up a piece of heavy blotting paper, dipped it into the ink spot, and in a moment almost all the ink was soaked up.

'That is what this heavy blotting paper is for,' explained papa. 'You see there is only a very dim blot left. Now, look again.'

Once more papa dropped a big blot of ink on the paper, then he laid another paper over it. After a moment he showed both papers to Elsie, On each of them there was a big, black blot.

'I see now, papa,' said the little girl. 'One wrong made two wrongs that time, didn't it?'

'Yes,' answered papa, 'that is what I wanted to show you. Do you think you can remember now?'

'Yes, and I am just as sorry as I can be, and so is Melinda,' answered Elsie.

'Then I must forgive you both, I think,' said papa, kissing away a tear that was beginning to roll down Elsie's cheek, and patting Melinda's flaxen curls.

'Doll Melinda,' said Elsie, as she ran happily out of the study, 'are not you glad that papa knows about that blot?' and Melinda said 'Yes' just as plain as a doll could say it.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Baby Signs.

The last half of a forty-mile ride is not likely to be as much fun as the first half. That is what the little Todhunters were thinking. For the last mile it had been very quiet indeed in 'Grandpa Tod's' big surrey. Then Katharine broke the silence with a great sigh that could be distinctly heard above the gentle clitter-clatter of the wheels and the thuds of Bonnibel's hoofs.

They were passing a bit of a lonely, unpainted house,

'There's a baby in that house,' mamma said, suddenly, and her sweet voice was as cheery as if she was not tired at all.

'Where? I don't see one,' Eric said.

'On the clothes line!' laughed mamma, pointing to a row of flapping little dresses. 'I can always tell which are the baby-houses, Monday afternoons! And I always look. I like to find the little wet petticoats and shirts, and when I don't find them I'm always so sorry for that house!'

'Why, I never looked!' said Katharine.

'Nor I,' Eric chimed in.

Grandpa Tod laughed 'I'm seventy-two years old, and I never looked. I'm going to begin now.'

'So'm I!'

'And I!'

'An' me, too!'

It was the tiniest little Todhunter who said that, and they all

laughed. She had just waked up and everyone knew that she had not the least idea what she was saying 'Me too,' to!

At the next house there were no little flapping clothes on the line; but Grandpa Tod nodded his grey head decisively.

'There's a baby in that house,' he said.

'Why, Grandpa Tod, I don't see a sign of one!' Eric cried. 'Is there?' he added, politely.

Mamma smiled. She saw the sign, too. Then Katharine saw it.

'It's that board nailed 'cross the kitchen door, to keep him from tumbling out!' she cried; and at the sound of her voice a small brown head, and two, round, brown eyes appeared above the board.

'Well, then, why don't they wash his clothes?' remarked Eric, gravely.

After that they looked at all the houses for baby signs. It was great fun. The first one they passed had no 'sign' at all, Katharine's bright little face clouded over.

'I'm sorry for that house!' she murmured.

Sometimes it was a battered dolly, sometimes a little cart, or chair or baby-carriage. Sometimes one discovered the sign and sometimes another. More often than not it was on the clothes-line they found it.

'There's a baby there — hark !' said mamma, and they all listened. Someone inside the open screen door was singing in a low, monotonous sweet croon.

'He's just going to sleep,' whispered Katharine. 'Drive softly, grandpa.'

At another house Grandpa Tod discovered the 'sign,' and such a queer one! Even mamma couldn't find it.

'You're sure, Grandpa Tod?' Eric cried.

'There's the sign,' was all grandpa would say ; and how everyone hunted, while Bonnibel stopped for a drink of running water at the trough. But nobody found it but grandpa.'

'We give it up—you'll have to tell,' the children said at last. And then, with the whip, Grandpa Tod pointing to a row of poppy plants with all the bright blossoms lying in wilted little heaps beside them.

'Oh!' mamma said.

'Oh!' the rest chorused.

'Yes, he's a witch of a baby to pick them all out!' laughed grandpa.—'Advocate,' N.Z.

Nero.

(By Rev. E. Payson Hubbard, of Hartford, Conn.)

In the year 1861 the steamship 'Swallow' left the Cape of Good Hope, bound for England. Among the passengers was a child of two years and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a handsome Newfoundland dog. A company of the passengers were assembled on the deck, when suddenly all were awe-struck by the loud and piercing screams of a woman.

The nurse, who had been holding the child in her arms at the side of the vessel, had lost her hold of the restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the great Atlantic. But something rushed swiftly past her; there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the water, and then Nero's black head appeared above the waves, holding the child in his teeth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was lowered and the ship's surgeon ordered the sailors to pull for their lives.. One could just make out on the dancing waves the dog's black head, holding something in his mouth.

The mother of the child stood on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat, and the black spot upon the waves still holding firmly to the scarlet jacket.

Sometimes a billow higher than its fellows hid for a moment the dog and child. But the boat came near enough at last to allow of the surgeon's reaching over and lifting the child and the dog.

'Alive!' was shouted from every lip, as the boat came within hail of the steamer; and, as the answer came back, 'Alive!' a 'Thank God!' broke from every heart.

Then the boat came up the ship's side. Many hands were stretched out to help the brave dog on board, and 'Good Nero,' 'Brave dog,' resounded on every side. But Nero trotted up to the child's mother, and looked up into her face with his big brown eyes. It was as if he had said, 'It is all right, I have brought her back quite safe.' The mother dropped on her knees, and taking his shaggy head in both hands, kissed his wet face, the tears pouring down her face. Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet of the whole ship. It was curious, however to see how from that time on he made himself the sentinel and bodyguard of the child he had saved. He always placed himself at the side of the chair of any person in whose arms she was, his eyes watching every movement she made. Sometimes she would be laid on the deck, with only Nero to watch her, and if inclined to creep out of bounds, Nero's teeth, fastened firmly in the skirt of her frock, promptly drew her back. When the steamer reached her destination Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. Some one cried, 'Three cheers for Nero!' and they were given with a will. And 'Good-bye, Nero,' resounded on every side. He kept close to the nurse's side, and watched his little charge arrive on dry land.

He was taken to the home of his little mistress, where he lived until he died of old age. His grave is in an English churchyard, in the burial plot of the family to which he belonged, and is marked by a fair, white stone, on which is engraved —'Sacred to the memory of Nero.' —'Our Dumb Animals.'

Marjorie.

(By Eva E. Rowland, in 'Outlook.')

I have a proper little maid,
  Who often goes with me
To visit in the afternoon
  And stay to early tea.

She is a perfect little saint,
  So winsome and so mild,
My pleased friends nod, and whispering, say,
  'Why, what a lovely child!'

At home I have a little rogue,
  Who does such naughtiness
From morn till night as keeps me
  In turmoil, I confess.

She won't say 'please,' she runs away;
  She slaps her brother Ted;
She tears her frock and breaks her dolls;
  Wants cake, and won't eat bread.

But should you ask me by what names
  The two are known to me,
'Twill p'r'aps seem odd to you to learn
  They're both called Marjorie.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 18.

Abraham's Intercession.

Genesis xviii., 16-33. Memory verses, 23-25.

Golden Text.

'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'—James v., 16.

Lesson Text.

(23) And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? (24) Peradventure there be fifty righteous within the city: wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein? (25) That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? (26) And the Lord said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes. (27) And Abraham answered and said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes: (28) Peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And he said, If I find there forty and five I will not destroy it. (29) And he spake unto him yet again, and said, Peradventure there shall be forty found there. And he said, I will not do it for forty's sake. (30) And he said unto him, Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak: Peradventure there shall thirty be found there. And he said, I will not do it if I find thirty there. (31) And he said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord: Peradventure there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for twenty's sake. (32) And he said, Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake. (33) And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham: and Abraham returned unto his place.

Suggestions.

When Abraham was ninety-nine years old he was sitting one day at the door of his tent in the plains of Mamre near Hebron. Suddenly he saw three men coming toward him; he rose hastily to welcome them and to ask them to accept his hospitality. They accepted his invitation, and he brought out the best of everything that he had to feast them. The three men were angels and one of them was the angel of the Lord. We should try to treat every one whom we meet as though they were angels, for we never can tell in what form God may send his messengers to us.

The Lord God revealed to Abraham the fact that he was about to destroy the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah because of their exceeding wickedness. But Abraham could not bear the thought of all the inhabitants being destroyed if there were any righteous persons amongst them. So he prayed to God to spare the city if there should happen to be fifty righteous men in it. Now, the Lord is not willing that any should perish but anxious that every man should repent and be saved. If there had been in Sodom fifty men who would forsake their sins and honestly turn to the Lord even at that late hour, God would have delighted to save the whole city for their sakes. When Abraham found that God was so gracious in granting his petition, he was encouraged to continue in his intercession for the sinners. He prayed that the city might be saved if there were even forty-five righteous there. The Lord God answered so readily that Abraham boldly asked if the city might be saved for the sake of thirty, of twenty, or even for ten righteous men. The Lord was pleased with Abraham's asking and promised that if there were even ten righteous men in the wicked cities the whole place should be spared on their account. But alas, there were not ten good men in Sodom, nor even two.

Lot, the nephew of Abraham, was the only man who would receive the angels whom God sent to warn the city of its approaching doom. And though he faithfully warned the men of his household, they laughed him to scorn and mocked at him. Early in the morning Lot and his wife and his two daughters followed the angels out of Sodom. Lot's wife looked back longingly at the city and as she tarried in the plain the sulphurous fumes from the burning city overcame her and she was unable to move from the place where she stood. Lot and his daughters escaped to Zoar but they were already so tainted with the sins of Sodom that the rest of their life was miserable.

Abraham's prayer pleased God, for he is most anxious that every soul everywhere should turn to him and find everlasting life. The Lord God wants us to pray for the salvation of souls and he takes pleasure in granting our requests for others. Each answer should give us added faith and boldness in prayer. We do not sufficiently realize our great privilege in being able to address God as our Father who delights to give. Neither do we realize our responsibility to pray and work for the perishing souls around us. Selfishness is despicable. It is not enough for us to be saved ourselves, we must try to better humanity and to gladden our Father's heart by bringing lost souls to the Saviour. It is true that only the Holy Spirit can do this work but the Holy Spirit works through human channels.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 18.—Topic—God's requirements.—Deut. x., 12-14.

Junior C. E. Topic.

JUNIOR RIVALRY.

Mon., Aug. 12.—God loves us all.—John iii., 16, 17.

Tues., Aug. 13.—Love one another.—John xiii., 34, 35.

Wed., Aug. 14.—Deny yourself.—I. Cor. viii., 13.

Thu., Aug. 15.—Think of others.—Phil. ii., 1-4.

Fri., Aug. 16.—'Thou shalt not covet.'—Ex. xx., 17.

Sat., Aug. 17.—The gain of unselfishness.—I. John ii., 10.

Sun., Aug. 18.—Topic—Jealousy among children.—Gen. xxv., 27-34; xxxvii., 8-11.

Study Needed.

In an address upon the Sabbath school teacher, Mr. Robert Burdette has portrayed some characteristic features which are all too common. He says: 'Sometimes a teacher goes before his class with the remark: "Hope you've studied the lesson; I've been so busy through the week, hardly had time to look at it;" as if a hostess should say, when seating her invited guests at table, "Hope you've brought a few crackers or sandwiches with you. I've been too busy to prepare anything." Others depend upon printed helps; they expect to use canned goods, but when the time comes to serve them, behold they have no can opener. When, however, from necessity or emergency, one has not been able to make preparation for a particular lesson, if love be his motive, he may confidently expect to obtain help from God.'—'Living Epistle.'

Every Sunday school having a library should expend a certain amount of money annually for new supplies. These new supplies, however, should never reach the shelves without being carefully examined by a special committee set apart for this work. Too much care cannot be exercised in the choice of this committee; that they be 'full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom' would not be requiring too much. Fathers, mothers, teachers and others, who, while keeping sufficiently in touch with the best literature, also keep sufficiently in touch with the young people about them to know what will interest while it profits, will serve well on this committee. Such a committee will not fail to secure supplies that will be of value also to all the members of the school, whether they be pupils, teachers or officers.—'Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.'

Saved.

Several years ago, one Sunday morning, a young man crept out of a market-house in Philadelphia, into the nipping air, just as the bells began to ring for church. He had slept under a stall all night, or rather had lain him there in a stupor from a long debauch.

His face, which had once been delicate and refined, was blue from cold and blotched with sores; his clothes were of a fine texture, but they hung on him in rags covered with mud.

He staggered, faint with hunger and exhaustion; the snowy streets, the gaily dressed crowds thronging to church, swam before his eyes; his brain was dazed for want of his usual stimulant.

He gasped with a horrid sick thirst, a mad craving for liquor, which the sober man cannot imagine. He looked down at the ragged coat flapping about him, at his brimless hat, to find something he could pawn for whiskey, but he had nothing. Then he dropped upon a stone step, leading, as it happened, into a church.

Some elegantly dressed women, seeing the wretched sot, drew their garments closer and hurried by on the other side.

One elderly woman turned to look at him just as two young men of his own age halted.

'That is George C——,' said one. 'Five years ago he was a promising lawyer in P——. His mother and sister live there still. They think he is dead.'

'What did it?'

'Trying to live in a fashionable set, first, then brandy.'

'You have not had breakfast yet, my friend,' said one of them. 'Come, let us go together and find some.'

George C——— muttered something about 'a trifle' and 'tavern.'

But his friend drew his arm within his own and hurried him, trembling and resisting, down the street to a little hall where a table was set with strong coffee and a hot, savory meal. It was surrounded with men and women as wretched as himself.

He ate and drank ravenously.

When he had finished, his eye was almost clear and his step steady. As he came up to his new friend he said:

'Thanks! You have helped me.'

'Let me help you farther. Sit down and listen to some music.'

Somebody touched a few plaintive notes on the organ and a hymn was sung, one of the old, simple strains which mothers sing to their children and bring themselves nearer to God. The tears stood in George C.'s eyes. He listened while a few words of Jesus were read. Then he rose to go.

'I was once a man like you,' he said holding out his hand. 'I believe in Christ; but it is too late now.'

'It is not too late,' cried his friend.

It is needless to tell how he pleaded with him, nor how for months he renewed his efforts.

He succeeded at last.

George C. has been for four years a sober man. He fills a position of trust in the town where he was born, and his mother's heart is made glad in her old age.

Every Sunday morning the breakfast is set, and wretched men and women whom the world rejects are gathered into it. Surely it is work which Christ would set his followers upon that day.—'Truth.'

Fred Barnard's Common-Sense and How He Proved it.

'Good morning, Fred,' called a cheery voice, at the door of Mr. Barnard's work-shop. 'Is my board ready?'

'Ready? Yes, sir, and standing in its place. Haven't you been up there this morning?'

'No,' answered Mr. Wilson. 'I'm on my way now, so I'll see how it looks.'

An hour later, Mr. Wilson was back again.

'Well, my friend,' he said, coming into the shop this time, 'you've painted the letters well enough; it stands out finely, "This house and grounds to let," but how about that word separate, in "Separate stabling if required?" Did I spell it s-e-p-e-r-a-t-e?'

'You don't mean to say I've put that,' said Fred Barnard.

'But I do. Go up and look at it yourself.'

Fred went that very afternoon, still hoping there was some mistake. But Mr. Wilson was quite right—there stood the word with its faulty 'e' standing out conspicuously.

In great disgust, Mr. Barnard turned away again, and went home by way of a plot of land for which he had just painted a board announcing it for sale. When he reached it, he gazed at the board still more dismayed. It ran:—'This Polt of Land for sale, etc.'

Mr. Barnard went back to his work-shop, shut the door and tried to think the matter out.

'That work of mine was done last week—what made me do it in that fashion?'

The quick, clever workman could not understand it.

'I was well enough,' he thought, 'and I don't remember anything special hindering me when I was about it. I didn't do anything in particular except, perhaps, have a glass or two more than usual at the Prince of Wales in honor of Jim's victory. It couldn't have been that.'

The problem was still unsettled when Fred went home, and it was still bothering him when he went to the club in the evening to see the papers.

'What's interesting you?' asked a friend as he came up to the table.

'Why,' answered Mr. Barnard, 'something that one of those big doctors has been saying about the drink. He gave a lecture at the London Institution the other day, that's where all those scientific men hold forth, and he says that even a small amount of alcohol, just what most people take at mealtimes, affects the muscles and the brain and makes us do our work badly. It's a queer thing if it's true, isn't it? I was always brought up to believe that a man who worked required a glass of beer.

'Yes,' said his friend, 'if he don't take too much, and no one ever saw you worse for it, I'm sure.'

'No,' answered Fred, 'that's true enough, perhaps, but this chap, this Professor Victor Horsley, says you are always worse for it, however little you may take, and now I come to think of it, I don't know but what he's right.'

'Stuff,' said his friend.

'Well, look here,' persisted Mr. Barnard. 'You remember last Friday, how we stayed an hour in the Prince of Wales in the middle of the day. I don't know what I took, not very much as things go, and I went back to the shop and worked as hard as I know how all the afternoon. I found out the quality of that work this afternoon, and it was nothing to boast of, I can tell you. Something must have made me stupid-like before I could have done it that way, that I know, and what was it, if it wasn't beer?'

'Oh, come,' said his friend, 'we all make mistakes at times.'

'Oh, yes, I know,' answered Fred Barnard decidedly. 'But I don't mean to make any more like that, so no more beer for me in working hours, anyway. I'll try the experiment and prove it for myself.—'Temperance Record.'

By a war, which for a time threatened the existence of the British Empire, 39,785 lives were lost in eleven months. This would give 43,372 for a year, supposing that the struggle lasted so long and continued so fierce. We are amazed at the figures, ponder them with sad hearts; and yet every year drink slays 120,000 men and women in the United Kingdom. By the war 118 lives were lost daily, by the drink 327 lives are lost daily.—'Irish Temperance League Journal.'

It is very unfair, as well as unwise, to administer whiskey to children for every ailment. Many parents do this because they are ignorant of the serious consequences that may follow this introduction of alcohol into a child's system.—'War Cry.'

Correspondence

Campbellford.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, and I hardly think I could get along without it. I like reading the letters, too, and would so much like to see one from me there. I have been on a visit for a month and had a very pleasant time. I went away back to the north of Hastings, to a little country post-office called Hogan. As I have always lived in a town, it seemed strange to me to find myself back among woods, and rocks. It is very picturesque indeed; but just at first, I was afraid of being chased by wolves or eaten by wildcats, if I ventured to go far from the house. But I soon got used to my surroundings and found them very enjoyable. It seemed nice to run wild for a little while, and I found some nice little girls there to play with me. We would take our dolls and a piece of bread and butter and sugar and run away to spend a long, happy day picking flowers in the woods. We would come home tired out and covered with big mosquito bites, but we soon forgot such little troubles, and after lots of supper and butter-milk, were ready for more fun till bedtime. It seemed so strange to us at first to go to bed with the music of the 'pied frogs' orchestra' ringing in our ears; but we soon got used to it, and would have felt lonely without it. I was so sorry when it was time to go home, for the people were all so kind, and it seemed hard to come home where little girls have to behave so properly. But perhaps I may go again some time, and have just as good a time. I forgot to mention that I have one sister, Lizzie, and a brother, Jimmie, and a dog, Jack, and they are all anxious to write a letter, too; so if mine is published, they will likely write soon.

MARY ELLEN.

Campbellford.

Dear Editor,—After seeing so many letters in the 'Messenger' from little friends, I thought I would like to write one also, and tell about our raft on the pond. I have two cousins who live near by, and we play together all the time on our pond. It is on father's farm, and we call it 'Frog Pond.' In the middle there is an island, which we call 'Lily Island,' but I am afraid that the name is not very appropriate, as the only vegetation on it consists of enormous burdocks and bull thistles. However, we are perfectly satisfied with it. Father made us a raft, and when we are not using it we keep it in the harbor, which is behind the hen-coop. If a storm comes up suddenly when we are enjoying a sail, we have another port to put up at, which is in front of the pig-stye. One day we had rather a serious accident. We were pretending that we were carrying goods from London, England, to the Cannibal Islands, when we were attacked by pirates in the shape of big savage black mosquitoes. After a gallant struggle we drove off the marauders and triumphantly resumed our journey. But our troubles were not yet over. The front of the raft struck a snag sticking up in the water and I gracefully landed on my head in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond. My cousin gallantly rescued me by hauling me out by the feet. As quickly as possible we made for our pig-stye harbor, as it was nearer the house. When I rushed in to mother, she could not have been more alarmed if a real pirate had stood before her. It took five rinsing waters and a whole cake of ivory soap to get me clean, but sailors must always expect to have adventures.

We are very sorry to see our frog-pond slowly drying up in this scorching heat, and are afraid our next voyage must be postponed till the fall rains come. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and if it is published perhaps I shall write and describe our next voyage.

HENRIETTA ELIZABETH.

Arthur.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to the 'Messenger' for some time. We are having our holidays now. I passed for the fourth room. My teacher's name will be Mr. Spotton. He lives next door to us. I have two rabbits, I call them 'Kruger' and 'Victoria.' I am an agent for 'A Sunday in Berlin,' My father is superintendent of the Sunday-school. Our minister's name is Mr. Hall, but he is away for a month's holidays, and we have another one: his name is Mr. Martin. We are having very hot weather just now. We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and I get it every Sunday. I have three sisters and three brothers.

LOYDE (Aged 12).

Iona, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a cat with four little kittens. Two are grey and two are black and white. I have a cow and a calf. I sold my sheep. I go to school and am in the fourth book. I like my teacher, his name is Mr. Rowley. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and liked the story named 'Left Behind in the Mountains,' very much. My birthday is on Dec. 3. V. B. S. (Aged 11).

Grenville.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss Dawson. I like her very much. We have three bantam chickens; they are like little birds. We have a calf named 'Blossom'; it is sweet. I have one sister and two brothers. We have a dog and a cat. GEORGIE P. (Aged 9).

Grenville.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. My teacher's name is Miss B. Cooke. I like her very much. I have four pets, a dog named Sailor, a kitten named Miget, a canary named Freddie, and a number of chickens. I have three brothers, and one sister named Annie. My birthday is March 28. BESSIE T. (Aged 13).

Grenville.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. My teacher's name is Miss A. Tompkins. I have four pets, a dog named Jack, and a kitten named Nigger, and a number of chickens, and a calf named 'Blossom,' I have two brothers and one sister, named, Georgie. My birthday is Sept. 26. EDNA P. (Aged 12).

White Rock.

Dear Editor,—My birthday is on March 13. I am nine years old. I go to Sunday-school, and my teacher's name is Miss Cahoon. I have two brothers and no sisters. Our school has closed now, and we have six weeks of vacation. VERA E. F.

Collingwood, July 11.

Dear Editor,—It seems ages ago since I wrote the last letter to you, yet it is not very long ago. I get the 'Northern Messenger,' from a little girl, Annie S., who gets it at the English Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading the stories and correspondence. I live in the town, but I would far rather live in the country. I was up at my uncle's for a few days last week. He owns a large farm in the country. It is a three-mile walk from town to his place. While there, I visited the cows, horses, pigs, sheep, hens, geese, ducks, and nearly every farm animal. My cousin and I went for the horses one night, to bring them up to be watered. Douglas, my cousin, jumped on a very frisky young horse, which, however, was harmless, and chased me through the lane. I was not so frightened as he thought I was, although I did jump the fence to get out of his way. About three weeks ago, I, with two other families, drove up to Rockside, which is about five miles out of town. We spent Sunday there; but, coming down, the hills were very steep, and we had to put a brake on the hind wheel. We passed through Duntroon, and came around by the sixth line, where we met many of the Batteau people going to church. We came through Nottawa, and reached town about seven o'clock. We were all very tired after our day's outing. I have just tried my exams. I have tried for the first part of my second-class certificate. The results of the exams. will be out on Aug. 1.

ETHEL B.

Bloomfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and no brothers living; but one dead. I never wrote a letter before, so I thought I would write one now. We have a dog and no cat. We live about a mile and a half from Bloomfield Schoolhouse. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Mr. W. J. Ausborn. EDDIE M. (Aged 11).

HOUSEHOLD.

Confidence With Mother.

(By Susan Tell Perry, in 'Zion's Herald.')

He was a shy little fellow, quite undemonstrative in his nature. But he had a secret in his little heart—a secret which he wished to share with the dearly loved mother.

The mother was sitting by the window with her sewing basket at her side. She was darning a hole in the knee of the shy little fellow's stocking. The boy edged up to his mother with an important look on his face, as if he were to divulge something of great importance, as he whispered:

'Mamma, I wish to tell you a great secret, but I wish you to promise never to tell it—not even to papa, or Leslie, or Kate, will you?'

'Most certainly, my dear, I will promise never to tell my little boy's secret. What is it?'

The boy bent down lower and whispered in his mother's ear:

'Marjorie Greenough is my sweetheart. Now don't you ever tell!'

The boy's finger was held up as a sign of guarantee for his mother, and with his face covered with blushes that he had been so communicative, he looked up into his mother's face. A smile was on it as she said: 'Marjorie is a sweet little girl.'

The boy had confided to his mother what to him was a sacred secret; it was in her keeping. Mother would know, of course, and mother liked Marjorie. With a happy heart he went off to his play.

Two hours later he came back to his mother in tears, and in broken tones exclaimed:

'You told, mamma, you told, and you promised you would not! Kate has told Leslie and the boys and they have been laughing at me!'

'Why, what do you mean, my child? I did not tell Kate a word. I promised I would not.'

'No, but you told Aunt Helen when she came to see you this afternoon, and Kate was in the hall and heard you, and she said you and Aunt Helen laughed.' Oh, mamma, I did not think you would, after you promised! I will never tell you any of my secrets again!'

What could that mother say? To her the little fellow's secret was a trivial affair—a cause for a smile and a little merriment with Aunt Helen—but, nevertheless, her promise was sacredly given to the child.

Ah! it is often the case that children are kept from confidences with mother for just such reasons. A promise given to a child should be just as sacred as that given to grown persons. One may say that such affairs are not of much moment beside weightier ones that come up every day, but they are.

The little fellow's secret was one of great importance to him. The telling of it to mother required a long deciding, but mother would never make a promise and break it. The secret was safe with mother, and so he told her. There is nothing so helpful to children as confidence in their mothers. The knowledge that they can go to them with their troubles and joys and talk them over, getting wisdom and good counsel regarding them, has proved a safeguard to many a child. The mother spoken of above not only broke her promise, but exposed her child to ridicule, which, with his sensitive nature, was more than he could bear.

The wise mother encourages her children's confidences by not treating lightly the subjects which to them are matters of weight. It can hardly seem credible, but hearing with one's own ears establishes the proof of one mother's dishonorableness: A little girl had told her mother something in strict confidence. The mother not long afterwards entertained some guests at the table with what had been told her. The girl came in and heard her mother's last words on the matter. Her face showed the greatest astonishment at her mother's dishonorable action, and she exclaimed in an injured tone of voice: 'Why, mother what did you tell that for? You promised me sacredly you would not tell it, and you have broken your promise!' The weak mother made the matter still worse by trying to clear herself in saying, 'But I made a mental reservation!' What sort of principle was she inculcating in her child by such a remark as that? There is no need for very careful thought on this subject.

Home life is peculiarly sensible to the influences within. The sensitiveness of the home-hearts makes it all the more important that the mother should be very careful what she does or says. Encourage the children with little confidential talks, for the time is not far distant when the boy and the girl will need a close, intimate counsellor in the wiser mother.

Such intimacies in mother and children are beautiful to see. The grown-up son and the grown-up daughter will not go wrong if they have been brought up to have close confidences with mother and have learned that trusts reposed in her are sacred ones.

A Mother of Boys.

A new family has moved into our neighborhood—father, mother and three boys. I called to-day, and of course Mrs. James and I talked of our children, and I told her how glad I am that mine are all girls. It seems to me that I wouldn't dare to try to bring up a boy in the city, and I often tell my husband that if ever one is born to us, he will have to buy a farm immediately.

Mrs. James laughed when I repeated that speech to her, and asked me to go upstairs with her. We passed the door of a room fitted up expressly for her boys' sitting-room, and there were three lads sewing carpet-rags—when they were not pelting one another with balls. My—how much noise they did make.

'It is easier to endure than it would be to hear them swear,' said the mother with a smile. 'I pay them for sewing carpet rags, and they are earning money with which to buy a new trapeze for their gymnasium in the barn.'

'Do you mean to say you are going to let them risk their lives on a trapeze?' I inquired in amazement.

'They would, were they away from home with other boys,' was the reply. 'If they get hurt here I can care for them immediately.'

'What will those rags amount to when they have finished their game?' I asked, as we returned past the door to the boys' room.

'Very little, I presume; but carpet rags are cheap toys, and they must have something with which to amuse themselves.'

'You would save money by buying the trapeze at once.'

'But my boys would lose thereby. My husband and I consider anything a paying investment which serves to keep them at home, happy and contented. Of course, I had rather they would not want a trapeze; but since they do, I am going to try not to worry about their safety.'

'How can you afford it? Pardon me, but I have been told—'

'That we are far from being rich? That is a fact, but we remember that there are many parents who economized so closely when their children were growing, that their boys sought their pleasures away from home. A few years later they spent all they had earned in trying to prevent their boys being publicly disgraced. It was poor economy, don't you think?'

Mrs. James certainly seems to understand boys. She realizes that it is natural for them to be noisy, that they must be kept busy about something that interests them, and that they will seek amusements in which there is an element of danger. In a word, she does not expect them to be effeminate, or wise beyond their years, and so she does not nag them unnecessarily. She knows that they will be, as she expresses it, veritable little animals, somewhere, and she prefers that it shall be at home where she can watch them. 'I want to know,' she said, 'just how bad they are, and so we are as chummy together as would be possible if I were a boy.'—Cora May Ward, in 'Country Gentleman.'

Over Eating.

Half the people I know have violent attacks of indigestion, because they will persist in eating hearty meals when in an exhausted condition. They seem never able or willing to realize that there are times when the system is in no fit state to grapple with a full meal. They come in tired and hungry, almost ravenous, not thinking that what may be a good deal of what they consider hunger is gastric irritation, then sit down to a table covered with the substantials of life, and deliberately go to work to overtax the already strained vital powers. No person should eat heartily when very tired. The wisest thing to do is to drink a cup of hot water with three tablespoonfuls of milk in it, sit down for five minutes, and then begin slowly to eat, masticating thoroughly. In a little while the vigor of the stomach will come back, and all will be well. If this course were followed, there would not be one case of dyspepsia where now there are a dozen. It seems to be the most difficult of all things properly to control the appetite. It seems to be the master. It requires will power to get it under control. When once mastered, something important has been accomplished in self-defence.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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